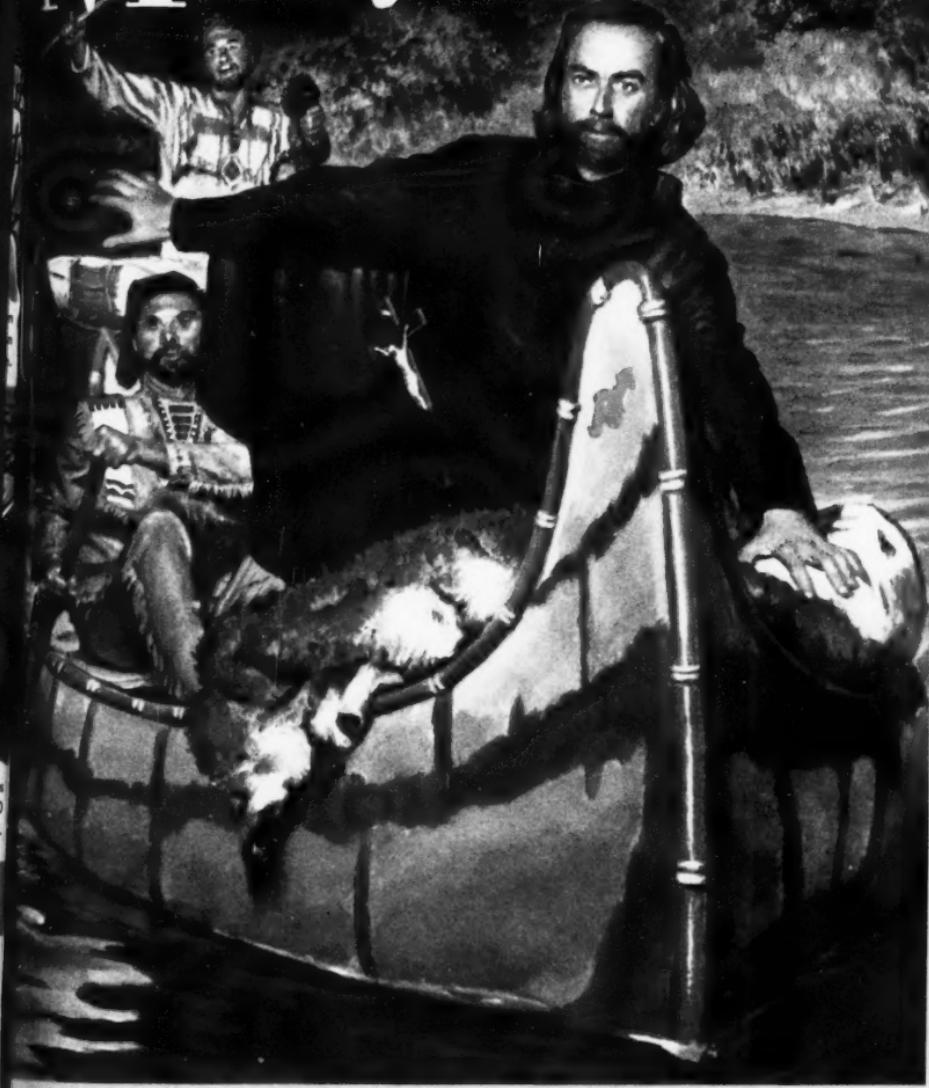


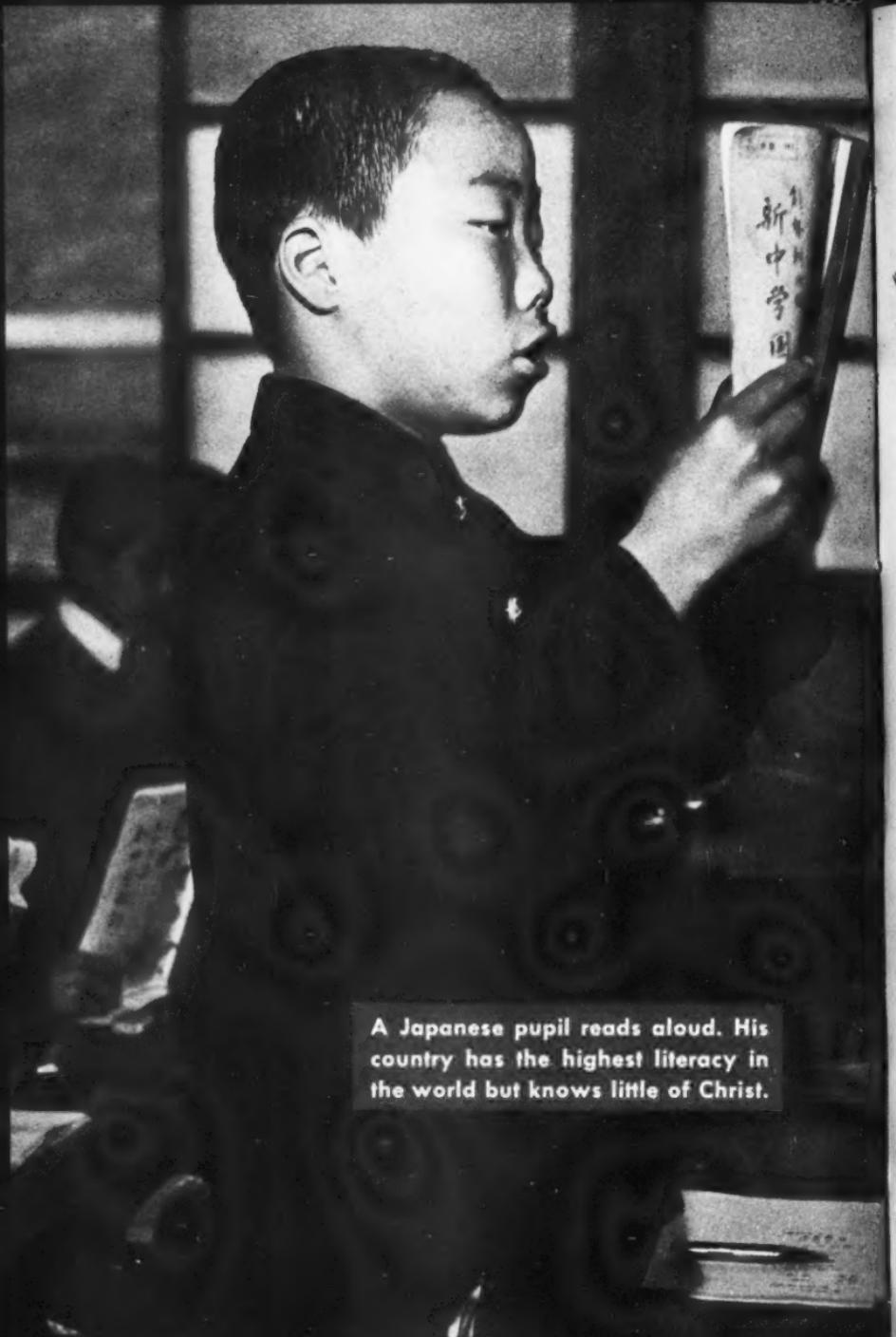
MARCH 1959

Maryknoll



Pere Marquette Discovers Mississippi (See Cover Story, p. 63)

MY FIVE YEARS IN A RED PRISON... p. 22



A Japanese pupil reads aloud. His country has the highest literacy in the world but knows little of Christ.



MY ORDERS: “Close Down the Parish!”

I CARRIED a letter from Bishop Danehy, notifying Father James McCloskey of his change to Riberalta and the closing of the parish of Cachuela, until we have sufficient priests for the scattered settlements in our large vicariate in the jungle.

Cachuela has 1,800 people, is situated on the Beni River, in the northeastern corner of Bolivia. It has had a resident priest during the

Now these people have the priest and Mass but four times a year.

BY AMBROSE C. GRAHAM, M.M.

past thirteen years. The people were beginning to show strong progress in the fundamentals: attendance at Sunday Mass; marriages;

frequent reception of the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist. Both the pastor and congregation were hard hit by the order, notwithstanding the fact that there had been talk of closing the parish because we lack priests, as a result of sickness in our group.

So Father McCloskey was busy packing and attending testimonial dinners offered by various groups. The sodalities were blessings. The women washed and ironed everything in sight, and aired the vestments prior to packing them. The men brought crates and boxes and nails and screws. Altar boys carted the packed boxes to the dock.

All showed their gratitude to their pastor by their spirit of co-operation. As a result of their help, the boxes were ready when the boat stopped on its weekly trip to Riberalta. Father McCloskey was still engaged in closing his affairs so he had to make a more-circitous trip to Riberalta, by truck and plane, later.

Meanwhile, he visited the sick in the small hospital, and talked to the men in the machine shops. There were chats with the men of the Catholic Action group. The professors of the local school were asked to teach catechism to their classes as Father had done.

All were given the only promise

of hope possible at the moment: "When we have priests available, you will be taken care of as before." In the meantime, the priest who attends the people along the river will make periodic visits.

I could see a gradual change on the faces of the townfolk. They were slowly realizing that, for sickness and acci-

dents, there would be no ministering hand to anoint or to absolve. In times of doubt, there would be infrequent sacraments and priestly counsel. Slowly the realization worked its way home. The people's faces reflected the theme, "There are dark days ahead!"

The doors of the chapel were locked. In the terrifically hot sun, each came to give the customary *embraso* to Father McCloskey. The people flocked out to the blistering clearing to receive his last blessing. As the truck left, sad eyes were fixed on it. These people were worried by the big question, "When will we have a resident priest?"

They are grateful for the fact that they will receive four visits a year from a river Padre. But this meager fare of four Masses a year is what makes the Church weak and anemic in many parts of Latin America. "Pray, therefore, the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into His harvest."



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Bamboo Wireless

Out of Communist China, still no definitive statement on the whereabouts of Bishop JAMES E. WALSH, missing from his Shanghai residence since mid-October. . .contradictory reports regarding his arrest. The 67-year-old Maryknoll prelate of Cumberland, Md., last remaining American missioner in Red China, has often defined his position: he is remaining in China to bolster the morale of Chinese Catholics; he is obeying his superior, the Apostolic Delegate; he will stay until expelled....

* * *

In Tanganyika, East Africa, Father ARTHUR WILLE of Watsonville, Calif., investigated a British oil company's complaint about empty oil barrels disappearing from the warehouse. Father WILLE's report: his parishioners had "borrowed" them for armchairs, bathtubs, kettle drums, ovens and closets. Oil company reply: all is forgiven.

* * *

Arriving at Ossining, N.Y., to take up new duties on the four-member governing council of Maryknoll, is Father CLARENCE WITTE of Richmond, Indiana. A veteran of 18 years in the missions of Japan, Father WITTE was elected to the society council to replace the Most Rev. JAMES PARDY of Brooklyn, N.Y., former Vicar General and now bishop of Chong Ju, Korea. . . Also returning to Maryknoll Headquarters after five months in the orient on film assignment is Father ALBERT NEVINS, editor of Maryknoll magazine and director of World Horizon Films. The former Yonkers journalist completed nine half-hour movies to be used on national TV hook-ups for the furthering of mission education. . . in color, black and white.

* * *

For years the hierarchy and clergy of the Denver archdiocese have aided Maryknoll in its quest for vocations and mission support. Recently, with the permission of the Most Rev. URBAN VEHR, Archbishop of Denver, a Maryknoll residence was established at 2101 East Seventh Ave., Denver. Father JOSEPH O'NEILL of Kings Park, N.Y. has been named superior. Said Archbishop VEHR: "May the good Lord bless and prosper your work. . ."

* * *

Father JOHN CONSIDINE's recently published New Horizons In Latin America registering excellent reviews and strong sales across the country. A Dodd, Mead & Co. publication, this book is a timely analysis of the faith and problems in Latin America, coinciding with a growing interest in our southern neighbors.

Biggest Private Relief Effort



e. Program in the World

Shining through the statistics is the CRS personal touch, as neighbor helps neighbor without regard to creed or color.

BY RAYMOND M. BOYLE

■ SOMEWHERE in the White House, President Eisenhower has two heart-warming documents that thank the entire United States for the work of a private charitable agency, Catholic Relief Services. To millions of needy persons overseas, CRS represents the heart and soul of the American people.

One document is from ragpickers in the slums of Tokyo. In appreciation of aid given to them through CRS, and as a symbol of their friendship for America, they sent the President the deed to a one-inch-square plot of their land.

The other came from the children of Olot, Spain. It is a certificate, bordered by 48 stars, with the President's picture on it. In Spanish and English, the children express gratitude "to the generous American people in the person of their first citizen" for gifts of milk, cheese, and butter. They conclude: "May Our Lord reward your national motto — 'In God We Trust'!"

CRS operates the largest private, voluntary, overseas, person-to-person, relief program in history. It

alone accounts for almost half the total annual amount of relief supplies distributed overseas by more than 50 American agencies registered with the International Co-operation Administration. Statistically, during its last program year, CRS did the following:

Helped more than 40,000,000 needy persons in 51 countries.

Administered relief and resettlement programs whose total value was over \$140,000,000.

Shipped overseas more than one billion pounds of clothing, medicines, and U.S. Government surplus foods.

Assisted nearly 15,000 refugees to emigrate to the United States, Canada, Australia, and other hospitable countries.

The tonnage of materials handled by CRS in a typical year equals 29,411 carloads; enough to make up a freight train 278½ miles long, or one that would stretch nearly from Chicago to St. Louis. Every nine hours, on the average, a shipment is sent overseas. The 40,000,000 needy persons aided are about

equal to the population of the 100 largest cities in the United States.

The supplies are distributed by more than 1,250,000 volunteer workers — mostly priests, Sisters, Brothers, and laymen connected with charitable agencies of the Church. Maryknollers represent CRS in five areas: Formosa, Hong Kong, Indonesia, Kenya, and Korea.

But statistics, no matter how significant or startling, do not tell the entire story. In the words of Msgr. Edward E. Swanstrom, executive director of CRS, "the accomplishment behind these figures is a great tribute to the generosity and Christ-like concern of the American people for the poor, hungry, needy, and sick, in less-fortunate areas of the world."

CRS receives grants from inter-

governmental, governmental, and private sources, but its work hinges on contributions to the American Catholic Bishops' Relief Fund. In response to the Bishops' annual appeal, a collection is taken up during Lent in the majority of the 16,300 Catholic parishes in the United States. Goal of the drive is \$5,000,000.

Msgr. Swanstrom and his staff pyramid this collection into a relief program of \$140,000,000. Surplus foodstuffs donated by the U.S. Government (cheese, wheat, flour, milk, butter and butter oil, dried beans, corn and cornmeal) account for the major part of the total. The remainder comes from the Thanksgiving Clothing Collection, which brings in close to 15,000,000 pounds of usable clothes and shoes; and other donated supplies, including medicines.

Under American law, voluntary relief agencies are eligible to receive surplus farm products for free distribution overseas. The Government examines the program of each agency that applies. Approval must be obtained also from the governments of the countries in which the food is to be distributed. These steps are taken to prevent conflict with other aid programs, and to protect against ill effects on the economy of any receiving country.

In the case of CRS, such surplus farm products represent 60 per cent of its entire program. It is the Bishops' Relief Fund, however, that enables CRS to maintain an organization and assume the costs of handling and processing foods, insuring them against loss or damage, and distributing them.

Thousands of innocent victims of war are found in European refugee camps.





In India, Punjabi girls enjoy American powdered milk at school each day.

CRS channels the supplies where they are most needed throughout the world. Special shipments are made in times of disaster. One typical emergency project was the flying of medicines to an area of East Pakistan where smallpox and cholera epidemics had broken out. In past years, too, supplies have been rushed to victims of floods in Korea, of hurricanes in Central America, of drought and earthquakes in India, of typhoon in the Ryukyus, and of freezing cold in Italy and Spain.

Such emergency measures dramatize the day-to-day battle that CRS is waging against disease and starvation around the world — in southern Europe, Africa, Asia, and South America. Its weapons are relief supplies and ingenuity.

For example, in Spain, the children generally were found to be suffering from an inadequate diet. CRS solved the problem of reaching them individually by starting a student-lunch program among some 2,500,000 pupils in 52,000 schools. Milk and cheese are provided through the cooperation of CRS and the U.S. Department of Agriculture. It was this program that led the children of Olot to send their personal certificate of thanks to President Eisenhower.

In the Far East, where rice is the basic food, CRS experimented with ways to distribute flour in a consumable form. In Hong Kong, it now is made into noodles. In Korea, it is mixed with milk and cornmeal to form a gruel.

Some of the aided people show as much ingenuity as CRS workers in making the most of relief supplies. In South Korea, refugees take the packing cases, tin cans, and food containers, and make such household articles as small kitchen cabinets, cups, ladles, milk pitchers, and ashtrays. Elsewhere in Asia, men fashion shirts and trousers from the burlap and canvas used in packaging relief supplies.

The scope of its program makes CRS an outstanding example of person-to-person relief administered by a private voluntary agency. Government leaders, both in America and abroad, have praised this type of program as the greatest good-will effort being carried on among world neighbors today.

"We who are stationed overseas," says Ambassador J. D. Zellerbach in Italy, "are impressed at first hand by the good Catholic Relief Services accomplishes in relieving misery, increasing human happiness, and creating friendship for our country. It is a program of which all Americans should be proud."

President Ngo Dinh Diem, of Vietnam, credits CRS with rescuing his country from prolonged post-war suffering and from Communist oppression. He said that CRS "helped hundreds of thousands of my countrymen to find their way back to lives of serenity in their own families, confidence in the future, and good citizenship in their community and nation."

The highest words of praise for the type of work performed by CRS, however, were spoken nearly 2,000 years ago. Saint Matthew

tells the story in his Gospel, when he describes the Last Judgment. The people gathered at the King's right hand are to enter the Kingdom of the Blessed, as a reward for having given specific help to Christ during their lives on earth. They express surprise, and pose the famous series of questions:

"Lord, when did we see thee hungry, and feed thee; or thirsty, and give thee drink? And when did we see thee a stranger, and take thee in; or naked, and clothe thee? Or when did we see thee sick, or in prison, and come to thee?"

For this generation of Americans who support CRS and other relief agencies, the answers could well be:

When you fed a starving Korean, with flour from surplus wheat.

When you gave drink to a thirsty Indian child, in the form of powdered milk.

When you saw the exiled Hungarian as a stranger, and found a new home for him.

When you clothed the bodies of destitute families who escaped from behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains.

When you went to the sick with mobile dispensaries in Hong Kong or Vietnam.

When you sent help to displaced persons long confined in refugee camps called "the living cemeteries of Western Europe."

Those answers are only modern versions of the one given by the King long ago. "Amen I say to you," He told the people on His right, "as long as you did it for one of these, the least of my brethren, you did it for me." ■■

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CRS title for packages
of food: Feed-A-Family





Happiness reigns; king-size smiles on Father Luckey's companions prove it.

We Get a Family

Five new smiles in Tomakomai
tell of changes for the better.

BY JOSEPH E. LUCKEY, M.M.

■ BIG things often begin with insignificant happenings. Take for example our family of five boys.

Aoki, the oldest of the group, a junior in high school, came to live at Tomakomai mission a year ago because he couldn't stay awake during catechism class one Saturday afternoon. Not that everyone who falls asleep during religious instruction is brought to live at this Japanese mission. But in Aoki's case, his falling asleep led to much more serious matters.

Aoki's parents were dead and he

had been living in the house of a married sister. When her family got bigger and its expenses increased, her pagan husband said that Aoki must go. They decided to let him out for adoption. The man to whom he was provisionally given had a camera shop in town. Since he had no sons of his own, he said that he would put Aoki through high school, then send him to a good photography school so that he could eventually take over the business.

Not too long after those promises had been made, Aoki found himself opening the store at about seven o'clock in the morning, before going to school, and locking up after the day's work, at about twelve at night. So as not to fail in his class work, Aoki tried to get his studying

in between midnight and two in the morning.

It was several weeks after he had started on that schedule, when the pastor, Father Maino, noticed the boy falling asleep during religion class at the mission. After a little investigating and some talks with Aoki's sister, Father Maino arranged to have the boy come and live at the mission.

Our next two boys came in this way. One day a lad of about ten asked to join a group of Boy Scouts at the mission. He was too young, but the Catholic leader encouraged him to come and watch the various activities. The leader gradually began to notice little things that the boy lacked. Although it was winter, the boy didn't have any gloves

Cincinnati's Father Luckey shows his interest; that helps the homework.



or warm socks, and his school uniform was in disrepair.

As the little fellow revealed his story, the Boy Scout leader learned that he and his older brother (older by about two years) were "housekeeping" for themselves. Their father had contracted tuberculosis and had been in the hospital about three years.

Their mother had got discouraged by the hard and hopeless life and had fled, leaving the two boys to cook and wash and care for themselves.

Our Scouts visited the boys' home. Then with the help of some young women of the parish, the Scouts bought new straw mats for the floor, repapered the walls, washed everything in sight, repaired what was broken, and discarded the "treasures" that boys of that age have a tendency to accumulate.

The boys' father was very happy at the sudden good fortune of his sons, but his condition did not improve. The doctor said that was because he was worrying too much about the boys. After a talk with the boys' father, we had two more boarders.

News of this kind travels fast in a tuberculosis hospital, and before long we had a request from another man to take care of his four children. This man's case was the same as the first man's: after he had been in the hospital for some time, his wife had deserted the home and the children. There were two boys and

two girls. We made arrangements to put the two girls in the Catholic orphanage near Tomakomai. And the two boys — they are approximately the same ages as the other

two boys — they came to live with the Fathers.

Aoki is a Catholic. He is the oldest of the five boys and sets a very good example for the

younger ones. He is a Mass server, president of a high-school group and more or less the "big brother" of our "family." He sees to it that they wash behind their ears, do their homework on time, and whenever they don't understand their lessons, he tutors them. They get along together very well.

The most satisfying thing about this work is that various people, who knew the boys before they came to live at the mission, have noticed a marked change in their conduct and in their attitude toward life in general.

A telephone call from City Hall told us of another young boy who needs a home. His mother died some years ago; his father is in the hospital with incurable cancer. Our "family" of five boys started rather insignificantly, with a boy falling asleep in class, and grew by other insignificant incidents. How big our "family" will get will depend on many things. The only thing for certain is the large number of Hokkaido boys who are looking for homes.



HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL?



MEDITATION ON HORSEBACK

BY JAMES M. O'BRIEN, M.M.

■ WHEN God made horses He must have known that He would go as a passenger on them many times. He saw Azangaro, this mountain parish two and a half miles up in the Peruvian Andes. He saw the Indians sick and poor. He knew that He would be visiting their adobe huts to give them Himself in Holy Viaticum. He knew that in the twentieth century there are places to which only a horse could get Him on time to allow the Indians to become one with Himself.

He saw the storms, the wind, the cold, the rain, the sleet, the darkness, the rocky trails, the muddy paths, the creeks, and the swollen rivers. Through all these He would travel. He saw His priest riders thrown from horses, miraculously saved. He saw the lightning and heard the thunder that He had made. He'd send the rain and drench His riders. He'd have His priests and missionaries take Him to dirty homes — to immaculate souls.

Indians came to the mission to

take the priest to their dying friend. "Here are the horses, Father," they said. "The biggest one is for you. He's tame, Father. Get on." With two escorts, we set out to the sick man. We went through the town, out over the pampa, up the hill, down the hill, through a brook, over a wall, around through the pass.

We left three hours ago, and now we are here. I take off my gloves, put on my cassock, open the bag, and put on my surplice. There Toribio lies, moaning and sweating. On his adobe bed, Toribio Quispe confesses his sins; he receives Jesus, the holy oils, the Apostolic Blessing.

All these, Jesus, are Yours, and these horses are Yours. I am Yours, the American lad of not so long ago to whom You gave a foreign-mission vocation. I have carried You to Toribio, in the pyx in the pocket of this woolen sweater. Who should know the joy, the gratitude to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, more than the missioner? ■ ■



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WORKING MEN AROUND THE WORLD



Cornel Awiti at the dispensary, interviewing malaria-infected Luo family

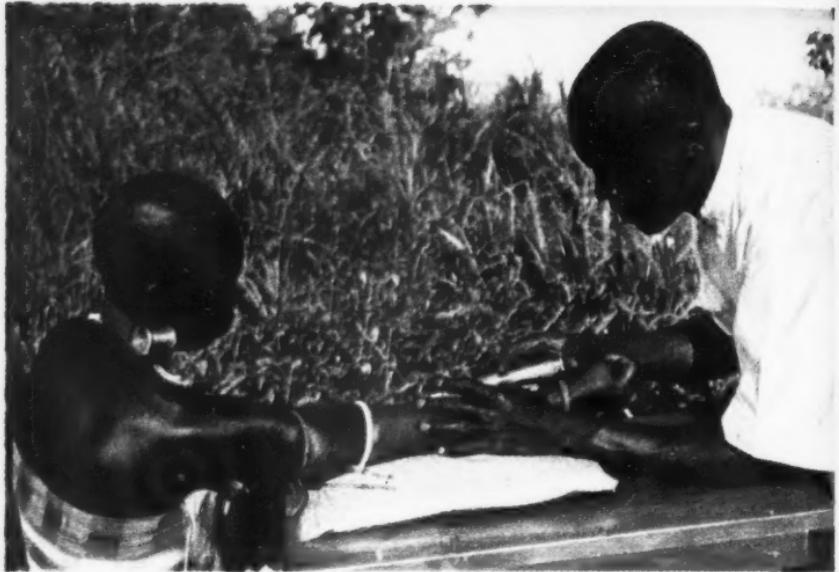
■ CORNEL AWITI is the kind of African who commands respect by any standards. In physical appearance, his lean, angular frame makes one think of a professional tennis player. He is alert and conscientious. His soft voice carries an unmistakable tone of authority, and when he talks about social justice, his eyes burn with sincerity.

So obvious are these qualities of leadership, that in several elections the village people of Kowak-Sayi have begged him to be chief of the entire Kowak district. But the thirty-eight-year-old Luo tribesman has refused the honor because he claims he has no political ambitions. However, those closest to Cornel say

The Man Who Wouldn't Be Chief

Pictures and Background

by Edward M. Baskerville, M.M.

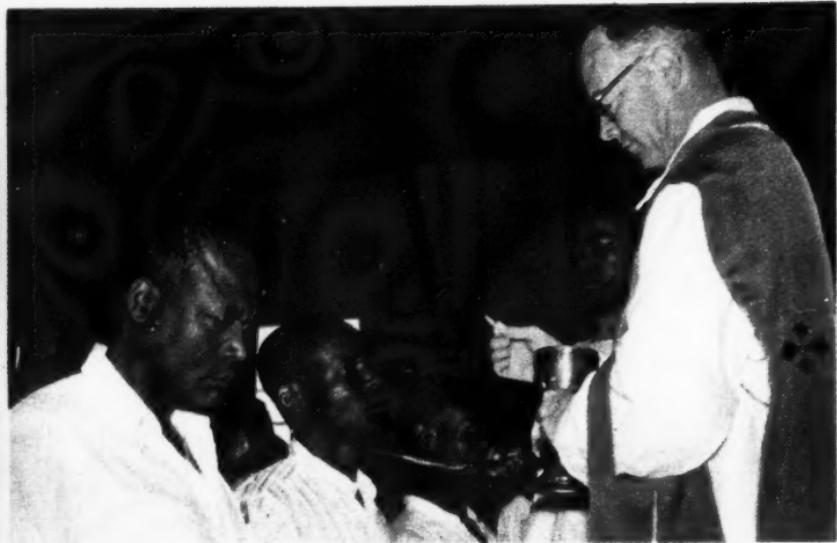


The same hands that administer quinine intravenously to this Bakuria woman (above) can open up deep furrows in a vegetable garden (below). Cornel is helped with the plowing by his brother, Octavianus, and his oldest son, Leo.





With Cornel in the lead and one-year-old Joseph strapped to his mother's back, the entire Awiti family (above) march to church on Sunday morning. They receive Holy Communion (below) from Fr. Robert O. Moore, of Bronx, N. Y.



that his real reason is the fear of succumbing to bribery — a not uncommon failing among politicians of Tanganyika.

Thus, the man who could have been chief is, instead, a medical assistant at the Kowak dispensary, conducted by the Maryknoll Fathers. His work consists of handing out medicine, administering vaccine, dressing wounds, and keeping medical records — for a weekly salary of 18½ shillings, or \$2.60. And yet, however low, as compared to American standards, Cornel's annual salary of 800 shillings (\$115), places him in the upper-income bracket of East Africa. In the North Mara area of Tanganyika (population 150,000), less than a thousand Luo wage earners surpass him in income.

To supplement his salary, Cornel raises vegetables on a tribal tract of land located about a mile outside

the village. When questioned about his neatly cultivated garden, Cornel smiles and quotes one of his favorite Luo proverbs: "Nyak ipur ek'icham" — "You must plow if you wish to eat." And in a way, these simple words sum up Cornel's entire approach to life.

Cornel met his wife, Valeria Odooi, sixteen years ago, when she journeyed to Kowak to take instruction in Catholic doctrine. A month later he married her. They have three boys and three girls: Felixta, fifteen; Leo, twelve; Hanna, ten; Coecelia, six; Coelistinus, four; and Joseph, one.

Their two-room, mud-and-wattle house is furnished with folding chairs, a table and two beds. The walls are colorfully decorated with photos and advertisements clipped from western magazines. There are no modern sanitary facilities; water is carried from Lambo Dam, a five-minute walk from the village.

Cornel's respect for fatherhood is unusual. Like all Luos, he wants as many children as possible; but unlike most of his kinsmen, he is intensely interested in their welfare. A strict disciplinarian, Cornel demands from his children a deep respect for Luo traditions, as well as a dedication to Catholicism.

A typical day in the life of Cornel begins just as dawn breaks across the savannah. He ushers his three cows out to pasture, and for the next two or three hours cultivates the vegetable garden. Breakfast, which he prepares while Valeria is getting the three oldest children ready for school, consists of a thick, cold gruel.



Every Saturday morning — a thorough reading of local Catholic newspaper

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In a Luo beer garden, long straws take the place of heavy steins (above). Cornel (below) makes a winning move in a game of *ajua* — African checkers.





At the local court, Cornel pays annual bicycle tax of 2 shillings (28 cents).



Time off from the dispensary is used for doctrinal instructions to Luos.

He reports to the dispensary at about ten o'clock, working steadily until noon. He returns home for a meal of *kuon* — a hot, cereal-like substance mixed with meat, fish, or vegetables. By one o'clock, he is back at the hospital, to remain there until five. Then home again for a few hours of leisure — chatting with villagers, reading the newspapers, or pursuing his favorite hobby of weaving fish nets out of sisal, a white-fibered hemp that grows in the environs of Kowak.

After an evening meal of roast corn, sweet potatoes, or bananas, Cornel sometimes spends the twilight hours with two or three boyhood friends, drinking beer, smoking, and exchanging tribal legends. By ten o'clock he is in bed.



A visit from the Maryknoll pastor, Fr. Edward M. Baskerville, of Joliet, Ill.

Cornel has complete control of the family budget, and he is quite proud of the way he distributes his annual income of \$115:

\$57.50 — food
30.00 — clothing
10.00 — religious offerings
7.00 — books and newspapers
4.50 — taxes
3.00 — family entertainment
3.00 — savings

Because of the nature of his work, he doesn't worry about seasonal unemployment, nor does he belong to a union. He has no debts. (Loans in this part of Tanganyika are uncommon because of staggering interest rates that sometimes exceed 90 per cent.) Cornel doesn't own an insurance policy. He receives no Government allotments; however

Government-controlled social benefits include free medical service and educational assistance for his children. When age or disability forces his retirement, he and his wife will be supported by their children — a filial obligation in the Luo tribe.

Politically, he is a moderate nationalist, believing that Africans should govern not only Tanganyika, but the entire continent. However, he doesn't want this to occur until competent leaders are available.

Occasionally Cornel Awiti speaks about his repeated rejection of the chieftdom — but not with any regrets. For he is convinced that, in his present position as Christian husband, father, and worker, his influence throughout the district of Kowak is having far-greater effects. ■■■

FIVE YEARS



Father McCormack (rear) arrives in Hong Kong, weary but smiling.

The priest wouldn't brainwash during 1,825 days of brutality.

BY JOSEPH McCORMACK, M. M.

■ Father Joseph Patrick McCormack, M.M., was born in Roscommon, Ireland, in 1893. After attending schools in Ireland, he came to the United States, entered Maryknoll, and was ordained to the priesthood. In 1925 he left for the mission of Fushun, Manchuria. During World War II, after being interned by the Japanese, he was repatriated on the S.S. Gripsholm in August of 1942. Five months later he took up new work in the missions of Chile, South America. Soon after the war Father McCormack returned to Manchuria, but Communist Army advances forced him to withdraw to South China. He was arrested at Shanghai in 1953, and placed in a Red prison. Nine months ago he was released after serving a five year sentence. He is now recovering from his ordeal.

■ FEAR is the lifeblood of communism. The Reds know that they can control only as long as the people are too afraid to resist.

That is why Mao has turned China into one vast slave state

MARYKNOLL

IN A RED PRISON

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where about a hundred million people have been arrested at one time or another, and where it is believed some thirty-five million are now in prisons or slave-labor camps.

But, regardless of what I say about life in China today, there will be those who refuse to believe it, and others who prefer the Red propaganda line. To know what Communist China is really like you have to live there. And to see communism at its best, you have to spend some time in a Red prison. . . .

The nightmare began one morning in December 1947, when five armed Communist soldiers entered the house of Father Maurus Pai, a seventy-year-old Chinese attached to the Maryknoll mission territory I headed in Manchuria. Without giving any explanation, the soldiers ordered the old priest to accompany them to their headquarters. There, despite the frigid Manchurian winter, Father Pai was stripped of his clothes and thrown into an unheated prison.

After ten days of torture the Reds tried him; and naturally, he was convicted and sentenced to death. He was shot three times in the back of the head.

The Reds can't deny this because I can prove what I say. I know where the skull of that old priest

is hidden, with the three bullet holes in it.

I knew then that if our thirty-seven Chinese seminarians were to escape torture and possible death I must move them from Red-infested Manchuria. We decided to set up a temporary base in Peiping.

The constant pressure of the Communists made it necessary for me to move to Shanghai in November 1948. But things weren't much better there. For as the Communist movement grew stronger the persecution of the Church intensified.

What had started as mild religious restrictions in the name of "liberation," soon turned to blood. Every day priests and Sisters were imprisoned. Some were executed; others were brainwashed — their minds twisted, made insane.

I anticipated arrest at any time. When I was tipped off on June 15, 1953, that I was to be arrested, I just sat there in my room, that beautiful summer evening, waiting for them. It was an appropriate day — the twenty-ninth anniversary of my ordination to the priesthood.

And sure enough they came, about thirty of them — both men and women. One even carried a machine gun to arrest a simple, old priest after his twenty-eight years of work in China.

They swarmed all over my house. I thought the whole place had exploded as they came charging into my room. They all seemed to screech at once, "Put up your hands!" A soldier pointed a machine gun in my face. One of the women soldiers asked me in English, "Are you Joseph P. McCormack?" "I guess I am," I answered. To which she replied, "You are under arrest for your destructive activities!" I asked what she meant and she snapped, "No questions asked! No answers given!" So I kept my mouth shut.

When we arrived at the prison I was stripped; my clothes were torn off and searched. Then they gave me back my shirt, trousers and shoes, without laces. I was taken by the back of the neck by a big fellow who half carried me to a cell door. With one shove he sent me sprawling into the darkened cell. I surely would have landed on my face had it not been for a Chinese prisoner who caught me and placed me gently beside him. This was to be my home for the next year and a half — the first of a long line of cells I was to occupy.

Let me describe that typical cell. It was six feet by four and one-half feet, about the size of an apartment house elevator. I occupied it with four other prisoners, all Chinese. I named the room "the pigsty," but actually my father wouldn't have kept his pigs in the filthy, maggot-ridden place. The lack of sanitation was beyond description. There I had to sit on the bare floor — stifling hot in the summer and unbearably cold in the winter — not allowed to make the slightest move-

ment, even to brushing a fly or bug off my face. We had to sit straight from morning until night. In the heat of the day and without sufficient air I became drowsy and occasionally nodded my head — and was sternly scolded by guards. Since I've come home people have asked me how we managed to lie down at night to sleep, in a cell so small. Of course we could never lie down! We had to sleep sitting, with our heads against the wall. And from the mark on the wall behind the head of each prisoner we could tell the length of time he had been there.

I was introduced to a Communist court — where "justice" is administered — shortly after my arrest. At my first trial there were about twelve people present. Among them were at least two women, one of whom was an interpreter; also a few male secretaries, political workers, a couple of judges, and the ever-present machine-gun guard.

My first impulse on seeing such a pompous group was to smile and say, "And the top of the mornin' to you, too!" But I didn't know if the interpreter could translate that into dialect, so I skipped it, and sat down in a low-slung chair that was obviously meant for me.

It was easy to see that they were eager to start questioning me. First questions were about my friends. Then came threats if I did not tell everything about myself and others; then promises of release, if I talked freely and answered all questions.

At my second interrogation, I realized the real charge against me and against all priests — teaching religion and belief in God. The

Communists are more afraid of the Catholic Church at the present time than of any other institution on earth.

Even the Chinese Communists, who number only five million out of a population of six hundred million, are afraid of the Church and of God — because the true Oriental, in his heart, believes in the supernatural life of man.

Every interrogation dealt with matters concerning the Church. They wanted the names of every priest and Sister in my mission area. They accused me of stirring up trouble when I sent the priests and Sisters out of Fushun in 1948. They used an article I had written for MARYKNOLL magazine — about the flight of my seminarians to Peking — as proof that I intended to send these young men, once ordained, back to China as spies.

During the first eight months of imprisonment I had seventy-two separate interrogations. The questioning usually lasted about two and one-half hours. After every interrogation we prisoners had to write down everything we had said in court. This not only was very trying, but it gave the Communists a chance to cross-examine us again if we changed one word of testimony.

Two years and eight months later, after hundreds of trials and thousands of questions, I was finally given an open trial and was sentenced to five years in prison. I was

charged with collecting political and economic information for the American Government. But the real charges were for performing my priestly duties, protecting the seminarians and

knowing "too many people in prominent positions." For these "crimes," according to Communist "justice," I

merited five years of mental and physical torture.

Because degradation is a tool of communism, the Reds try to destroy a man's dignity. This is particularly true in the Communist prisons, where they degrade man to the level of a cringing animal.

Of course, simply describing the horrible conditions of life in a Red prison is not enough. No one, not even a person with a vivid imagination, could picture the wretched existence millions of men and women are undergoing in the "People's Republic" of China today.

To say the prison food was mere garbage, is simple. But to eat it for five years is something else again. The Chinese prisoners told me that the rice we were given was fifth grade and poorly cooked, at that. Even the prison guards, who were iron men in most respects, couldn't stand the stench of it. But I was hungry. And I ate it — at times with an appetite.

In the cell we were not allowed to talk or move our lips. We had to ask permission of the guard who was constantly in attendance for



The trip to heaven is necessary for all mankind. How many converts have you won?

each move we made. And every new movement required a new permission.

But even in those disgusting conditions, where hunger, thirst, fatigue and misery walked hand-in-hand with death, the Reds could not wipe out man's innate sense of humor and ingenuity.

Not permitted to move or talk we soon learned that, by wetting a finger, we could write notes to each other on the dust-covered floor. Annoyed for months at the weird-looking shapes that seemed to appear on the peeling, whitewashed walls, we found that turning them into a game like inkblots helped to pass the time away. A simple coat button provided us with weeks of amusement, before a Red guard discovered our sport and hysterically trampled the button to pieces.

Bets made in fun among the prisoners, on the button game, reached astronomical figures. My fellow prisoners jokingly referred to me as "the American capitalist," for I always bet huge sums of money in American thousand-dollar figures.

All in all, I was in four prisons during my first year's sentence. Each was as bad as the others. Late in 1955 they moved me to the Ward Road prison — the motherhouse of the pigpens scattered around Shanghai. I figured, from the number of buildings — thirteen — and number of prisoners in each — 2,500 — that there were over 30,000 prisoners incarcerated at Ward Road. Another fact to substantiate my estimate was the number I was given on entering: #28,198. These were the digits I had to respond to at

all times: I was Prisoner #28,198.

A few months later, about the beginning of 1956, I asked for an interview with the prison officials. Then I explained to them that I was a sick, stupid old man. That was partly true; actually I was very sick. My entire body was swollen and distended, because of the prison diet. Lack of vitamins, I suppose. I'd wake up in the morning, in fairly good shape; but as the day wore on, my arms, feet, and stomach would begin to swell up. By the time I was ready to sleep, I looked like some kind of monster. My feet and hands were masses of chilblains.

The judge took one look at my emaciated condition and ordered me to the prison hospital immediately. The reason was obvious: too many priests had already died in the jails and prisons of China. They didn't want that to happen to me.

Injections and treatment at the hospital improved my condition somewhat, but the swelling of my body and limbs still continued. Even now, my stomach still expands about a couple of inches every day.

In June of 1956 my health improved considerably, so I was moved into a small jail on the other side of Shanghai, where I lived with other American priest-prisoners. It was my first contact with westerners since my arrest. One of the priests was Father Cyril Wagner, the Franciscan from Pittsburgh, who had been framed on espionage charges similar to mine. We were scheduled to be released together. One by one, the other priests were released, until only Father Wagner and I remained.

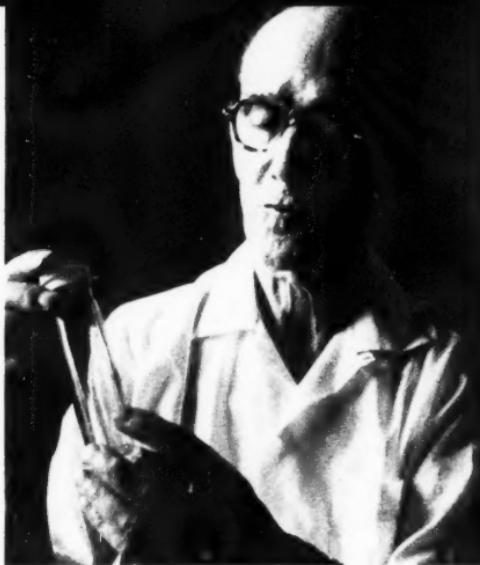
During this period the food was terrible. We should have all died had it not been for the food parcels sent to us by friends and relatives. Ironically, it was the Communist relaxing of the ban on food parcels that provided me with the greatest consolation of my entire five-year prison career — ability to celebrate Mass, secretly.

The wine and hosts were smuggled in but I can't say how, because that would incriminate others. I would rise at the crack of dawn, place a piece of cardboard over the radiator, and on that put a fragment of host and a thimbleful of wine. With my left elbow resting on the radiator and my left hand against my forehead, I would then offer Mass.

I usually put a cup of coffee on the other end of the cardboard and held a lighted cigarette in my hand, so that I should look as if I were eating breakfast in case a guard came into the room.

The weeks rolled by pretty quickly after that. We were released on June 14, and the first thing we did was to report to the Franciscan church in Shanghai. But Father Wagner and I had a surprise waiting for us there. A small crowd of Chinese who claimed to be "progressive Catholics" — the name given to those who joined the Communist-controlled "Independent Church" — were waiting for us. When we tried to go in to say Mass, they blocked the doorway, screaming and shouting violent invectives against us.

So we hightailed it over to the British consulate then, and when I saw the British flag hanging there



In this vial, marked "Medicine," Mass wine and hosts were smuggled into jail.

over the entrance, I cheered, "Hooray!" — most unusual for an Irishman! But it was good to see the Union Jack flapping there.

We rushed inside, like beggars, dumping all our rags and junk from the prison right there on the clean floor of the consulate, but no one seemed to mind. They gave us a wonderful welcome, and we sat down with the vice consul, drinking coffee and talking, for hours.

Five days later the British ship *Changsha* steamed into Hong Kong, and Father Wagner and I were aboard her — absolutely free, and believe me, very thankful.

Of course, I hope my story doesn't end here. I'd like nothing better than to get my good health back, and wait for communism to die on China's mainland. Then I'll go back to the people I love. ■■■



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BY JAMES C. CONNELL, M.M.

How to Catch a Condor



■ WOULD you like to catch a condor? This is how it is done, as it was explained to me by Santiago, an ancient Aymara Indian of our parish in Ilave, Peru.

Condors have nested for centuries in the high cordilleras of Peru, ranging in altitudes from 15,000 to 20,000 feet. These large vultures fly in bands of five or six, one of whom is the leader. This one the Indians call "Condor."

A method of catching vultures is this. Indians dig a large pit, in which two men can comfortably stand. Over the opening of the pit, they lay wooden poles in crisscross pattern. On top of the trap, they tie the carcass of a sheep or llama. Then two of the Indians hide in the pit. They have ropes made out of rawhide ready in their hands for instant use.

When one of the vultures spots the carcass of the dead animal, he passes the word to the leader condor, who moves in on the scene. He swoops down, and carefully looks over the situation. When his eyes and instincts make him certain that there is no sign of danger, he gives the signal to the others, who lose

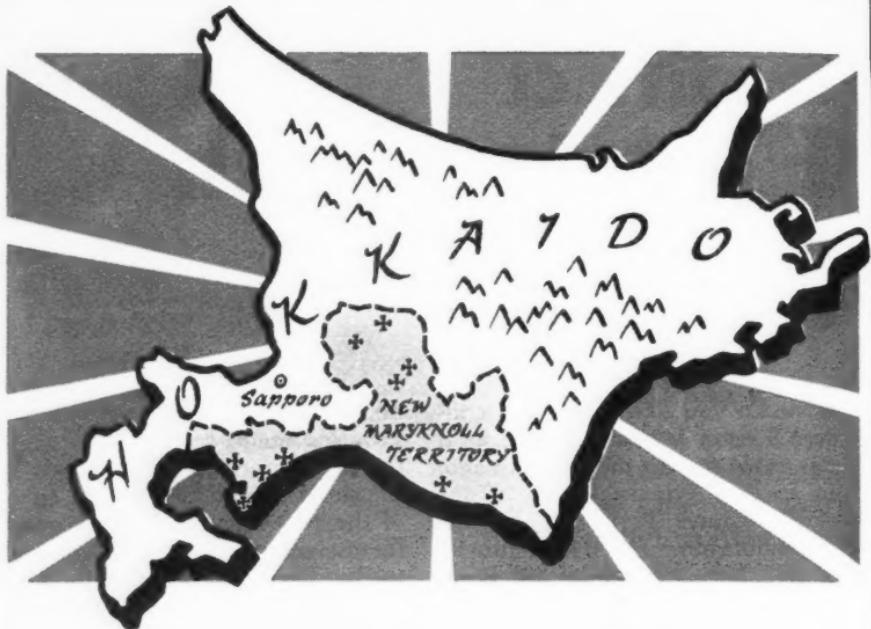
no time in making for the banquet awaiting them.

The condors attack the body of the dead animal tied to the cover of the pit. They ravenously gorge themselves until they are too heavy to fly. This is the precise moment the Indians in the pit have been waiting for. Carefully and cautiously, the Indians slip the rawhide ropes over the feet of the condors and tie the birds' legs together securely. This the men have to do with the utmost care; otherwise, they will be ripped and slashed by the terrible claws and knife-like beaks of the condors. When the vultures are safely tied, the Indians emerge from the pit and kill them.

"What do the Indians do with the dead condors?" I asked Santiago.

"The fat is used for making a type of candle and also as a remedy for rheumatism," Santiago replied. "The meat is thrown away. And," he went on, "anyone who suffers from a headache, can obtain relief by burning the feathers of the condor and inhaling the smoke."

Santiago says that condor-feather smoke will certainly cure headaches. I'll take an aspirin, please! ■ ■



Growing Up

**Between infancy and maturity
are many busy, fruitful years.**

BY CLARENCE J. WITTE, M.M.

■ TOO often, only the dark side of the picture of mission work in Japan is seen. While it is true that Japan is a difficult field, and that conversions are few in comparison with statistical returns from many other mission areas, there is a bright side, too.

The Church has made tremen-

dous strides in Japan in the last dozen years. It is known in Japan as never before in modern times, and respected as never before at any time. Beyond doubt, the Church in Japan exerts an influence out of all proportion to its numbers. Growth, even if slow, has been solid.

One corner of the Lord's vineyard in Japan is the Maryknoll mission on Hokkaido, the northernmost of the Japanese islands. Japan as a whole is a difficult field, and Hokkaido is one of its more difficult parts. But we missionaries are looking up because we are determined to go up.

Maryknoll work is now in its

fourth year on Hokkaido. Our start was slow. There are many good reasons why, but the simplest is that new beginnings generally are difficult. This year, though, we definitely see an upward trend, and we look forward to considerable expansion.

Hokkaido is a more rugged land than the rest of Japan. For that reason, its growth has been slower. At long last, however, the country is awakening to the opportunities that exist on its northern island, and a definite development program is now underway. New homes are springing up everywhere; new factories are coming in; transportation facilities are improving; and the population of Hokkaido is increasing at an even more rapid rate than that of the rest of Japan.

It is up to us to see that the Church keeps pace with this general development. Indeed, ours is a much greater task than that; for, before we can keep pace, we must first catch up from our present backward position.

Our Maryknoll sector has a population of just under 800,000, which is approximately one sixth of the total population of all Hokkaido. The population of the Maryknoll sector alone is increasing at the rate of nearly 70,000 a year! But our Catholic population is barely over 1,000. We have an uphill road ahead. Still, we are not discouraged, and we believe that we are started on the road to progress.

At present, our Hokkaido area has only five mission stations: Muroran, Higashi Muroran, Tomakomai, Iwamizawa, and Shimizusawa. As

an example of what this means in ground to cover and work to do, the Tomakomai mission extends for more than 100 miles to the east, 40 to the west, and 25 to the north. In this area more than 220,000 people live.

The only solution is to open more missions. We are doing this as fast as our means and personnel allow. Within the next few months our present five missions will be increased to eight, by the addition of Shizunai, Date, and Oyubari.

At present we have twelve Maryknollers working on Hokkaido. Within the next few months we shall have seventeen. Best of all, conversions are increasing, too, at a very fine rate, even though the totals are still not nearly as great as we should like them to be.

In the missions already operating, we confidently expect four times as many baptisms this year. Certainly this promises to be our best year on Hokkaido. A growth from five to eight missions with resident priests; building in five places at once; an increase from twelve to seventeen missionaries; and an increase of 400 per cent in conversions — all that is solid progress.

That is why we are looking up. But much more remains to be done. Our missions are still very, very small. We look up because we want to grow up.

In age, Maryknoll-on-Hokkaido is only three, going on four. In number of missionaries, we are only a handful. In missions, we are only scattered dots on a vast map. In the world of missions, we are infants. But in hopes, we are big. ■■

The Enemy...



THE NEW INDIA, engaged in an epic struggle to erase disease, is mass educating her millions in 20th century hygiene. These children are goggle-eyed as their teacher displays a giant model of a tiny insect which has sapped the energy of India for centuries – the malaria-carrying mosquito.



Lorenzo Learns Latin

BY ALBERT H. ESSELBORN, M.M.

■ LORENZO is a young Indian about fifteen years old. He lives in San Juan Ixcoy, a town situated in the mountains of Guatemala. Like the other 5,000 Indians who live in San Juan, he was baptized as a baby, but grew up without gaining any knowledge of his Faith.

Lorenzo never went to school because his parents needed him to help with the farming of corn and the care of the animals. Nevertheless, during the evenings and spare moments, the boy learned to read and write, with the help of his father. The father is one of the Indian prayer leaders.

I became acquainted with Lorenzo shortly after arriving at San Juan. He was always on hand to climb the tree trunk that served as a precarious ladder leading to the church tower, to ring the bell announcing the time for Mass. Later Lorenzo started to study the catechism. He memorized the questions and answers quicker and better than the Ladino school children. His memory is remarkable.

I decided to try and make an altar boy of him. We studied the Latin together, using a little card

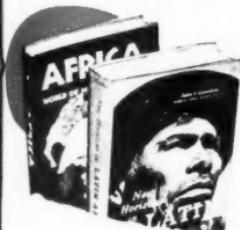
that has the responses for the Mass. In no time he had all the Latin memorized. He serves Mass every morning faithfully. Lorenzo hasn't made his First Holy Communion yet since he's still studying the catechism, but it won't be long now.

The other day I visited Lorenzo's house, a straw-roofed hut with walls of wooden poles. I brought along some clothes that had been sent down by friends in the States. Now Lorenzo sleeps in a colorful pair of pajamas and sports an Altman shirt during the day. He's praying for those thoughtful people who sent the clothes.

I couldn't help but think that, if he had the opportunity to go to a Catholic school, he might be in the seminary today. He has a native intelligence and a religious spirit. We are trying here in Guatemala to have a Catholic school in every parish, but the perennial problems are lack of funds and Sisters.

There are many other Indian boys like Lorenzo, here. If only these lads had the opportunity to receive a Catholic education, they would some day be the priests and lay leaders in this mountain parish. ■ ■

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Pius XII and the Human Race

BY JOHN J. CONSIDINE, M.M.

■ WHEN the last sigh of life left Pope Pius XII, death came to the world's greatest lover of the human race.

A man who lived in Rome for many years, listening constantly to the words of Pope Pius XII, once said: "I am convinced that there are few men within the Church who are quite like the Pope in their outlook on the world. If a man is a zealous bishop, even though he is concerned with people in general, he is particularly concerned with people's needs in his own diocese. If a man is a great public figure, he may be deeply interested in all men, but he is especially interested in the citizens of his own land.

"In the Pope, we have a person whose most consuming interest is the human race. If good news comes to Pius XII about people, whether of Warsaw, or Washington, D.C., or Buenos Aires, or Johannesburg, or the Fiji Islands, he is equally happy over it. He lives for all mankind."

In the field of human welfare, the only institution besides the United Nations that has planetary goals is the Papacy. Let us take a passage from Pius XII's encyclical, *Mystici Corporis*.

"The love of the Divine Spouse is

so vast," explained His Holiness, "that it embraces in His Spouse, the Church, the whole human race without exception.

"Men may be separated by nationality and race, but Our Saviour poured out His Blood to reconcile all men to God through the Cross, and to bid them all to unite in one Body.

"Genuine love of the Church, therefore, is not satisfied with our being within this Body members one of another, mutually careful one for another, rejoicing with him whom glory visits, suffering with him who suffers.

"Rather, we must recognize also as brothers of Christ according to the flesh, destined together with us according to salvation, all those other people of the globe who have not yet joined us in the body of the Church."

Our late Pontiff had no illusions about the shortcomings of human nature as regards this ideal. In the same encyclical, he made this clear.

"There are some, unfortunately," he noted, "and today especially, who proudly boast of enmity, of hate and spite . . .

"Let us, however, follow on after our King of peace. . . . He has

taught us to have love not only for those of a different nation and a different race, but to love even our enemies.

"While our heart overflows with the sweetness of the Apostle's teachings, we chant with him the length, the breadth, the height, the depth, of the charity of Christ, which neither diversity of race or culture, neither the wasteless tracts of ocean, nor wars . . . can ever weaken or destroy."

Pius XII made it very clear that the Church sought to labor with the government of every country and to respect the good traditions of every people over the globe. In an address in 1955, he explained that, from the days of Constantine down to modern times, there were long periods of joint action for good between civil rulers and the Church. The Catholic Church, he noted, intends to play no favorites among God's peoples over the earth. "The Church does not identify itself with any culture," he insisted; "its essential nature forbids this. It is prepared to maintain relations with all cultures."

In the mission world Pius XII awakened delirious joy by naming many native sons of Africa and Asia as bishops over their own peoples. Always he spoke of unity and equality in a common nobility.

"Native-born Catholics," he observed, "must truly be members of the household of God and fellow citizens in His kingdom, without ceasing in any sense to be fellow citizens of their terrestrial fatherlands." ■■

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—Pope Pius XII in Mission Sunday Address to American Catholics



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THREE-BELL TOWN

School is a brand-new word
in Santa Eulalia, Guatemala.

BY SISTER JAMES AGNES

■ OLD MATTEO, perched in the bell tower of the church, sighted us first. I am sure of that. The bells pealed "Welcome" as our horses picked their way cautiously around the last turn in the trail to Santa Eulalia. You don't know Santa Eulalia? It's high in the Cuchumatanes Mountains of Guatemala.

The plaza was alive with life — straw hats and snowy huipils danced to the church bells and tinkling marimbas. Dismounting, we became part of the happy crowd. More tuneful even than the bells were the warm greetings of the people:

"*Bienvenida!* Welcome, Madres! We've been watching for you. The little ones want to study so much! How long have you been on the road?"

We felt one with these good people. We knelt among them in the dimly lit church, chanting the Rosary and then the Benediction hymns. No light anywhere, except

at the altar, where the monstrance held the Light of the World and glowing candles reflected our delight in His Presence.

Until we Sisters came, church bells were the only bells the Indians of the pueblo ever heard. First call in the morning; last song at night. Floating over the valleys, into the homes of the people, and on up into the clouds: friendly sounds, linking earth with heaven.

Doorbells? Telephones? Alarm clocks? No such sounds ever troubled the Santa Eulalians. There are no doorbells, telephones or alarm clocks in this faraway mountain-peak pueblo.

Besides the church bells, only one other bell existed here. That was the soft-spoken mealtime bell, which Bernabe, Father's Indian cook, rang discreetly after morning Mass and after noon and evening *Angelus*, to remind the Padre it was time to eat. Its tinkle was known only to Ber-

nabe, who rings it, to Father and also to his faithful dogs, Dopey and Pancho. You should see those two sleepy animals come to life at that ting-a-ling!

But we brought another magic sound to Santa Eulalia — the ringing of its first school bell!

You may not believe it — you who wended your way to school on reluctant feet — but the school bell is just that. It's music to the ears of youngsters in our surrounding mountain slopes and valleys. Smiling, red-cheeked Indian children heed it with alacrity. Some of them come from distant villages, an hour's walk, or more, for bare feet over stony trails. To these little shepherds and farmers, there is magic in the school bell that opens up a new world.

When he was sick, lying on his straw mat at home, the school bell tinkle haunted Pedro, and lured him back to school before he was quite well. "I had to come, Madre," he explained. "It helps me to get better — just being here."

For the same magic sound, tiny Baltazar braved the long walk every day, in spite of an untended cut on his poor, little foot. I noticed him limping across the schoolyard during recess.

"You've hurt your foot, Baltazar," I exclaimed. "Let me see what we can do for it."

His shy grin swallowed another wince of pain. "Oh, it's nothing, Madre. Just a little cut."

"I think it would be good for you to stay home a few days and rest your foot, Baltazar," I suggested as I gave him first aid.

The grin disappeared. Tears gathered in his eyes. "Oh, Madre, no! I couldn't miss even one day!" he exclaimed wistfully. "Look, I can walk now. Easy! Please let me come." He won out, of course.

Yes, Santa Eulalia is a missioner's dream, set to the melody of bells!

Maryknoll Sisters dream of the day when school bells will ring from every valley and mountain of Latin America. Already they are at work in twenty-three missions in Central and South America, and everywhere schools are badly needed.

Over a span of years, you can see what a difference a Catholic school makes in a town. Take Siuna, Nicaragua, for example. It was — and still is, to a large extent — a town of saloons and tumble-down shacks; of young fellows who hope that gold will fall out of the trees, and of sharp gamblers who can shake it out of the dice; of scrawny children; of women whose eyes ask sadly, "Isn't he ever coming back?"

When we opened school there in 1944, big lads of nineteen registered for first grade, as simple as doves about it. Some learned that working all night in the mine wasn't the best preparation for first-grade classes; they left school. With the years, things have improved.

"The STANDING ROOM ONLY sign is out this year," writes a Sister there. "Some 450 names are on the books, many in upper grades nowadays. In the early days, just to finish sixth grade was a triumph! Now the class is talking of going to high school. They will have to go to Bluefields, 125 miles away." ■■

REPLACEMENT NEEDED . . .



How about you?

Bishop Byrne of Maryknoll labored for souls for 25 years in Japan and Korea. He sent us these sketches of the Korean people.



Scholar



Mat Maker



Fisherman



Hat Maker

Finally Bishop Byrne was captured by the Communists and died in captivity, November 25, 1950.

You Can Take His Place!

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

3-9

Dear Fathers: Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

Priest

Brother

Sister

(Check one.) I understand this does not bind me in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Postal Zone.....

State.....Age.....School.....Grade.....



We're Out to Beat the River

Two Maryknoll Brothers try to salvage a boat sunk in the Beni.

BY DISMAS HARNESS, M.M.

■ I ALWAYS open my tool box and lay out my tools with deliberately restrained eagerness on Monday mornings. After thinking over the many different jobs to be done, I try to pick out one that can be finished easily and quickly. Each week brings its share of setbacks, so a little success on Monday morning has a value all its own.

One of the tiller-rope sheaves of a mission boat had worn out and snapped. I figured I might finish making a new pulley before the tropical sun really started to beat down on our little shop's tin roof. By inserting a hardwood center in one of the steel rings of an old ball bearing, I could have an excellent pulley. I was happily shaping a piece of *tajibu* wood into a disk when Brother Camillus Heschele ran into the shop.

"Our boat on its way to Cavinas Mission has sunk," he shouted excitedly. "No lives lost. Some of the cargo was saved."

Brother Camillus disappeared to spread the news. My hands con-

tinued to make a pulley, but I was thinking of how to recover the lost boat. I was boring a center hole in my newly made pulley when Father James J. Logue and Brother Luke Baldwin appeared.

"A launch will leave for upriver this afternoon at 4 P.M.," said Father Logue. "I've talked to the owner, and he agreed to take you up and have his crew help pull out our sunken boat. Brother Luke and you will go up together."

"We'll have to take our own cable, block and tackle, and everything else," decided Brother Luke.

I had finished my job, inserted the pulley in its sheave block, and was twirling it with my fingers as we talked over the equipment we would take. We had to hustle to get all our gear ready and aboard the old double-deck, sternwheeler, steam launch that began its life in the Gay Nineties.

At 5 P.M. the pilot gave a long blast of the whistle, and the great paddle wheel began to churn. As the stoker threw some firewood into the boiler, he disturbed a snake that was hidden in the woodpile. The frightened reptile fled the length of the launch, with an oar-wielding *marinero*, or crew member, in pursuit. The passengers made room and cheered, until the snake was killed and thrown overboard.

While hanging our hammocks on the upper deck, I noticed an increase of debris floating in the water — a sure sign that the river was rising. The hurried preparations made during the day had left us tired. Comfortably settled in our hammocks, we could almost feel our

appetites being sharpened by the twilight breezes.

Supper was delicious, with enough rice, meat, and fried bananas for second and third helpings. We were still eating when we reached a place where the launch captain had arranged to buy some firewood.

As the launch approached shore, it came into an eddy caused by the swiftness of the rising river. Apparently, the faster the downstream current is, the faster the upstream current in the eddies or backwaters. By counteracting the force of the launch's rudders, the turbulent waters heaved the heavily loaded craft firmly upon a sand bar.

Twelve *marineros* went over the side in the darkness and pushed for two hours, but with no result. I suggested to the launch captain that we make use of the block and tackle I had. We put the launch's great anchor into a dugout canoe and took it to deep water. To the anchor cable we secured the block and tackle, and then we began to pull.

At first the other passengers were surprised to see Maryknoll Brothers pulling a line with *marineros*. But some of the onlookers, when they saw we needed help, finally pitched in on a job that they considered beneath their dignity. The added manpower soon had the big, flat-bottomed scow moving off the sand bar and on its way.

We all sent up a big cheer and congratulated each other for being so strong. But we were tired, too. Soon the limited space of the upper deck was turned into a jungle of swinging hammocks. While getting into mine, I followed with my eyes

the sweeping arc of the launch's powerful searchlight. Not only branches and debris, but even large tree trunks, were being carried into the stream of rising water.

The next morning, after breakfast, we stood on the upper deck, scanning the beach ahead. Angel, the pilot of our sunken boat, pointed out the three fuel drums on the beach. From our vantage point, we could see how the river had tricked him.

Our boat, a large dugout canoe, was made of *Palo Maria*, a wood so heavy that it almost sinks. A diesel inboard engine supplied the power. The boat had been heavily loaded with supplies that Cavinás Mission badly needed.

We could see how a river backwater had formed a sand bar. Our boat, after hitting this while crossing between the two opposite forces of moving water, had foundered, shipped water, and gone directly to the bottom.

At that time the water was only about five feet deep, and some of the cargo had been saved. Since then, the river had risen steadily until our sunken boat was in seven or eight feet of swiftly moving water. Only small whirlpools, formed by rapidly moving water hitting the motionless hull, showed its position.

The launch captain warned, "It'll be a tough job to secure a chain on your boat now!"

We put on swimming trunks and went out in a canoe. The *marineros* made several attempts to secure a chain to the sunken boat. I began to dive, too. After several unsuccessful tries, I managed to hold on to the

stern of the sunken boat for a minute. But the onrushing water broke my grip and forced me towards the engine compartment.

I realized that, once inside, exit would be impossible. My feet touched a gunwale and I pushed with all my might. I felt my body moving along the top of the foun-dered boat. Suddenly my acceleration stopped, and I crashed into the roof. My swim trunks had caught on a nail.

With all my remaining strength, I pulled free and lunged away. Breaking water downstream, I swam for shore. I landed near the area where the captain was directing rescue work.

His men had buried the launch anchor on the beach, as a pulling point. As soon as my heart stopped pounding against my ribs, I thought of the big bolt that holds the rudder shoe on the stern of our boat. It was strong and fairly easy to reach. I swam out and resumed diving.

By bracing myself well against the current, I finally was able to secure a chain to the bolt, and attach the tackle to the chain. The slowly tightening cable knifed the water until it pinpointed our boat. The *marineros* began to pull heavily on their tackle rope. The boat started to move; then it suddenly stopped, and seemed to dig in.

All of us helped to pull, but without result. An Indian family appeared in a canoe, and they stopped to join us. We pulled until we broke our tackle, but the boat didn't budge.

It was getting late, and the sun would soon set. I talked the matter

over with the launch owner and captain. Both of them had been most cordial and helpful. We decided that we would have to leave the boat, securely tied to an anchor stake on shore, and come back after the river subsided.

The launch whistle gave its familiar blast, and once more we were underway. Brother Luke and I improvised a seat on the upper deck, with two five-gallon cans and a board. The breeze of the moving launch relieved us of the presence of the insects that had been feasting on our exposed bodies all day.

As we were lighting our pipes, I noticed three little, calico-clad, Indian children next to us. They were playing jacks, using a green lemon for the ball and pebbles for jacks. Their smiles were delightful.

Behind us was a defeat. The sun was setting, and the horizon was fantastically beautiful. By the time we knocked the ashes out of our pipes, I no longer felt discouraged.

There has been a longstanding feud between the Beni region's wild

rivers and the Maryknollers. At times the rivers are impassable barriers to our work. A trick of one river here killed our Brother Gonzaga Chilutti, and other rivers make attempts on our lives when we challenge them.

Nonetheless, I'm sure that we can beat them. Instead of allowing them to be barriers, we'll make them into smooth, watery highways and use them to take the sacraments to our jungle people. To accomplish this, we'll need more Brother mechanics, willing young men with strong hands, to join us in the work of helping God's priests reach His poor.

We'll need an adequate shop, with a big lathe, welding equipment, and many other tools. We need to build, operate, and maintain mission boats that will allow us to reach our people safely.

It will be expensive to bring this valuable equipment into our jungles, far from the outside world. I leave this in the hands of my heavenly patron, Saint Dismas, the good thief.



INDY ANN INTERRUPTS A NAP



Iwamizawa, coal city at the northern limit of our Hokkaido mission, lies before Father George Mueller of St. Louis.





Men of tough fiber labor in the industrial centers of Hokkaido where work and weather are hard. The island has five months of snow yearly.

FRONTIERLAND

■ THE great northern island of Hokkaido, in Japan, is frontier country; as far as the faith is concerned, in Hokkaido, we are pioneering.

Hokkaido is as different from southern Japan as is the province of Quebec from Florida. Most Japanese don't like the cold (I wonder who really does!) and despite crowded quarters to the south, only the hardy have settled here in the

north. This helps us in a way, since these people have cut their moorings with the ancient past.

As everywhere in Japan, progress is modest. Our monthly figures will be humble: 20 or 30 at Mass (usually the entire Catholic population since the very fewness prompts people to be faithful), five baptisms on a big feast, one wedding, one funeral.

Maryknoll's mission territory



Father Mueller says howdy to school children in his mining-town parish.



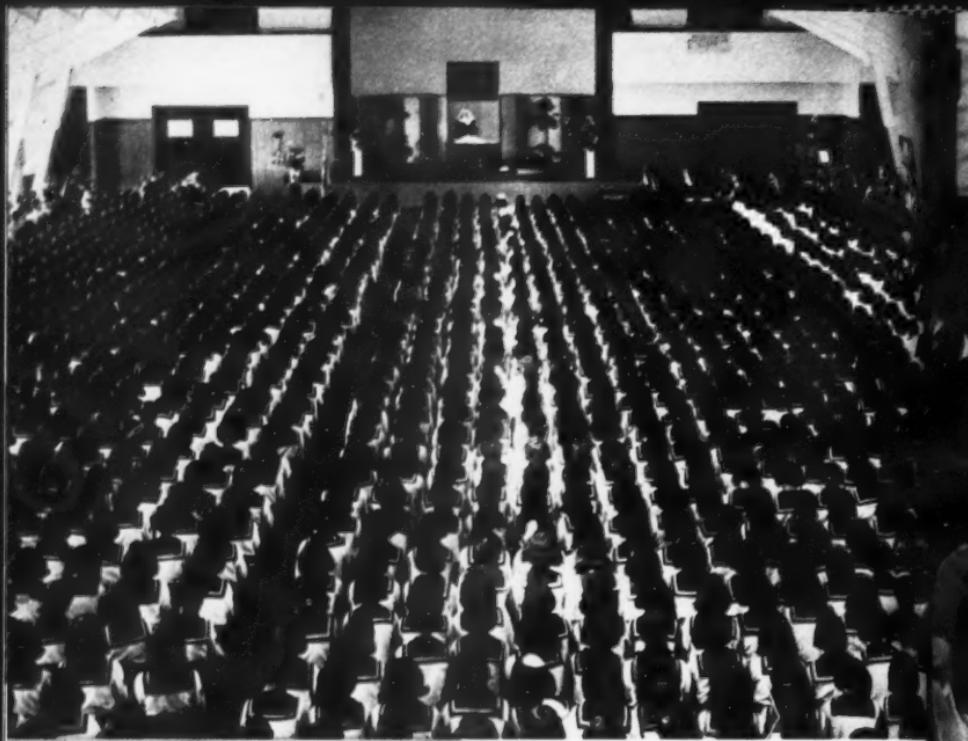
skirts the west coast. At one extreme is Muroran, an iron-and-steel city, in which our parish has four sections. Each section has a simple chapel, and the Catholics assemble as little groups must have come together in the early Church. The priest is the guide, but only indirectly the teacher. A Japanese leader reads the Gospel found in the Mass of that Sunday, and the people discuss it. Only when someone needs help to get back on the track, does the priest intervene. These sessions seem very effective.

Truly, this is a frontier land. ■■

**Left: Typical hardy young pioneer
Right: Full flood of Japanese color**

MARYKNOLL





Assembly at celebrated St. George's, the large Catholic girls' school in Sapporo, principal city of Hokkaido

Left: Girl of Ainu village, Hokkaido

Fathers Edmond Ryan of Dorchester, Mass., and John Lavin, Swoyerville, Pa., watch their young bloods slide.



MARYKNOLL





PURPLE FEATHERS

No business like show business
for this African dancing troupe.

BY THOMAS P. McGOVERN, M.M.

■ THE FAT man in the white turban ran back and forth assuring everyone in a nervous high-pitched voice that his dancers would be coming soon. The king was very annoyed at him and the fat man, watching the regal frown, shook, and perspiration began to pump out of his forehead beneath the turban. He waddled off with haste to the bishop as though for protection and tried to kiss his ring for the third time, going down on his knee with a mighty thump. But the bishop pulled his hand away from those trembling lips and patting his shoulder said, "Relax,

MARYKNOLL

friend, they'll be coming soon."

The dancers still had not finished dressing; so the bishop, to pacify the impatient crowd who thronged, four and five deep, around the school yard, feigned interest once more in the school band. The bandmaster, a squat muscular young man in immaculate shorts, a bit bored now, dragged the boys into position before the bishop who sat with the king and the priests and the nuns beneath a grass roof sun-shelter supported by wooden poles.

"Ready, go," the bandmaster said, with no enthusiasm at all, and the three tin flutes and the six drums swung into action once again. The cross-eyed lad who carried the bass drum on his back was wilting in the heat and winced with every blow.

An old lady on the sidelines, finding renewed vigor with the impact of the drums, screamed shrilly and darted with wide flopping steps to the band. She screamed again and broke into a wild, impromptu dance. The king half turned in his chair and raised an eyebrow at two of his scouts. They, dressed in khaki and red fezzes, ran out and grasped her, one at either elbow, and propelled her away, her legs still flailing the air like sticks.

Earlier, in the morning, the bishop had confirmed one hundred Christians and Father Quinn had prepared a feast of zebra and cow for his people. Having feasted, they waited now, impatiently, for the dancers who would not be hurried.

Then a cheer went up on the fringes of the crowd and swelled to a roar all around the bishop: the dancers were approaching.

The crowd made a passageway for them and they came, all slender men looking at least seven feet tall because each wore wooden clogs large enough for a prehistoric giant.

Their faces were streaked brilliantly with orange paint and they wore purple feathers on their heads and arms. Zebra skins were tucked around their waists and the bells that were fastened to their ankles jangled at every step. Their heads were bowed and they moved forward slowly on their awkward clogs — breathing deep, very poised, looking like prize fighters.

The fat man in the turban ran up and down beside them pushing back the crowd. He had found an ebony cane somewhere and kept raising it above his head, threateningly.

"Oh, you Kwaruga," one of the crowd shouted as his favorite dancer passed. "You dance, child! Lift those legs, child!" And someone else called: "Magige boy, you dance! Hear me? You go! Hear me?"

There were eleven of them and they paid no attention at all to the crowd, but preoccupied within, came on slowly, flicking out an arm or taking a quick bend or running through a brief intricate shuffle, the bells ever bonging, making the crowd delirious with anticipation.

When the fat man had his dancers lined up before the bishop he stepped in front of them and hooked his cane smoothly over his left forearm. He straightened his turban, smiled vaguely, bowed, and extracted a long scroll from his coat pocket.

He might have been the local Harry Barlogh, in a Madison Square Garden of his own making, intro-

ducing his contestants: these ever popular crowd-pleasers from Kya-gata; these likely, these promising contenders, dressed in purple feathers, dancing for the crown . . .

He finished finally and rapped three times with his cane on the ground. It was the signal to begin. But the dancers seemed to ignore the summons. They began only to hum in unison and shag a bit, each on his own, wriggling their shining, angular shoulders.

Then, suddenly, the first man jumped, bringing his knees up to his chin and, knocking the clogs together, came down with a thud that shook the grass roof and raised a cloud of dust. The next man jumped, going just as high and landing just as hard, while the others shagged around and hummed, waiting their turns, keeping the beat, the whole line quivering like one long epileptic snake.

They all jumped in turn and the air tumbled with dust. When the last man had taken his jump, they all began to jump together, going up and down, again and again, jumping as though their lives depended on it. The old women on the side lines screamed. The faces of the dancers strained with the effort and sweat poured down, seeping through the orange paint.

As they jumped, branches and mud came rattling down from the roof of the shelter with the jarring the earth was taking from the



Pray daily for all men

thunder of the dance. And then, when it seemed as though they must cease or drop from exhaustion, it began to rain.

The storm rushed in suddenly with a fierceness that dwarfed the dance. A great wall of water came crashing down, drenching the dancers instantly, as though something containing an ocean had shattered.

The dancers were stunned by the rain. Still quivering from the excitement of the dance they huddled together in the downpour like lost children. The rain smeared away their orange paint and wilted the purple feathers. The fat man had to run out and shout and push them under the grass shelter, his turban unraveling in the rain into two wet streamers down his face.

He was inconsolable. Like a heart-broken boy, he kept trying to climb up onto the bishop's lap. We thought he would cry. It rained for half an hour, ruining everything.

When the rain stopped we took the fat man by the arm and led him to the rectory. We gave him a doughnut and a lukewarm Pepsi-Cola, and the meager nourishment sparked him a bit. He reached into the inside pocket of his damp coat and gave each of us a purple feather.

I brought mine back to Nyegina and tacked it up on the wall of my room beneath a withered purple feather that the fat man had given me last year. It had rained that time, too. ■■

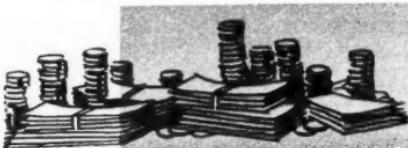
CASE HISTORY: M-1

A Tragic Result



Mr. A. Planned —

Mr. A. was sixty-five years old when he died intestate. He was survived by a wife, aged sixty-three, and a son, aged thirty-five. Mr. A's estate amounted to about \$15,000. Despite the fact that the son drew a high salary in an excellent position with an advertising agency,



**For Wife
Instead —!**

and that Mrs. A. had no money of her own, the law of the state gave the son \$10,000 and the wife only \$5,000. "But," you say, "the son will look after his mother." Perhaps — but how much happier she would be if her husband had looked after her! No one enjoys being dependent.

Why You Make a Will

To die "intestate" — that is, without making a will — is always troublesome, and may even be tragic, for those who survive. If there is no will, property comes under the jurisdiction of the courts, and must be divided according to definite rules laid down in the law. Seldom does such division meet the needs of the family, or the wishes of the deceased person.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

Dear Fathers,

Please send me your free will booklet, *What Only YOU Can Do*. I understand there is no obligation and no one will call on me about this.

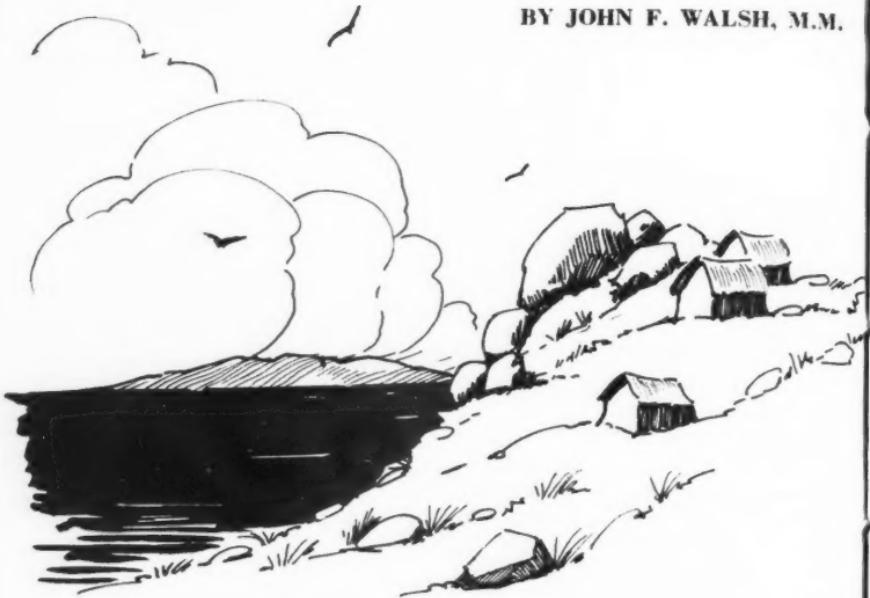
My Name

My Address

City Zone State

For Wills our legal title is:

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.



BY JOHN F. WALSH, M.M.

Land of Inti

**Where students arise at dawn
to do their homework outdoors**

■ "BUENOS DIAS, Padre," is the greeting I hear each morning on my way to say Mass for the orphans. I walk along the street facing Lake Titicaca to the east.

It is not strange to be greeted by everyone I meet, because all the people of Puno, Peru, are friendly. Nor is it strange that the people are on the street so early, because the sun is up and the Indians are on their way to the market.

However, it is a bit strange to be greeted by young schoolboys who are standing in the doorways facing the sun as they do their homework. They are reading their notebooks and memorizing their lessons for the day. This happens an hour and a half before their first class.

Most of these boys do not have enough light in their homes to study at night. So they wake bright and early, to warm themselves and prepare their lessons by the natural light that Mother Nature provides for them.

The ancestors of these Indian boys, ancient Incas, were true sun

worshippers. They called the sun god "Inti." According to the most common legend about the beginning of the Inca era, Inti was the father of Manco Capac and his sister, Mama Ocllo, founders of the Inca Empire.

As the legend goes, these two great Incas rose out of Lake Titicaca. The sun gave a staff of gold to Manco Capac, and commanded him to plant it as a tree. As soon as he found a place where the staff would disappear into the ground, he was to set up the center of operations.

Manco Capac followed the instructions exactly. The capital city of the Incas, Cuzco, was built at the site selected by him. There, too, was constructed the great temple, Coricancha, in honor of the sun. Upon the remains of this temple now stands Santo Domingo Church.

In their religious ceremonies, the Incas regularly offered llamas to the sun. At harvest time they offered the first fruits from their fields, as well.

The fact that they considered the sun to be the father of the founders of their empire was not the only reason the Incas adored it. There were practical reasons as well, such as the work of the sun in bringing about a bountiful harvest. Moreover, in the highlands of the Andes, fuel for fires is scarce. The sun often furnishes the only means of warming oneself during the winter months of June and July.

When the Spanish conquerors came to Peru, this cult of the sun god died out. Even today, however, Christians of the altiplano, be they Indians or whites, have a marked respect for the sun.

The Spaniards brought Catholicism and rescued the Indians from idolatry, but the fuel problem still remains. The sun is of great importance to everyone. Many go to bed when the sun goes down, or soon thereafter; and in the morning, they wake to greet the sun as it rises out of Lake Titicaca.

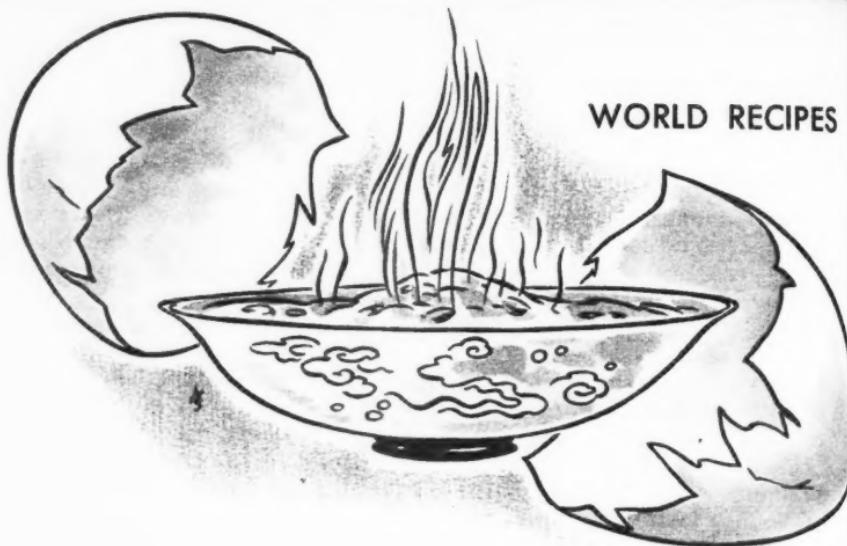
Because of the altitude, and also the fact that we are relatively close to the equator, the sun tends to burn more severely in Puno than it does farther south or at sea level. For this reason, people find it necessary to protect themselves from its strong rays by wearing hats.

I recall one of the experienced missionaries telling a newcomer, "You may see many Indians without shoes, but you will never see one without a hat."

It does not take long for a newcomer in Puno, or any other place in the highlands of the Andes, to understand why the Incas had great reverence for the sun. Everyone needs and enjoys its warmth. Everyone, that is, except one Quechua Indian who lives in our parish of Azangaro.

This man has a peculiar disease that does not permit him to enjoy the sun. Only in the late afternoon, when the sun's rays have lost their force, can he leave the shadows of his house and walk outdoors.

Ancient Incas would probably have considered such a man cursed by the great god, Inti. But their descendants do not think so. Since the time of the Spanish conquest, Inti has been replaced by the true God, whose name and title are expressed by the letters, I.N.R.I. ■■■



Those Versatile Eggs

■ THE EGG, that most versatile and nutritious of foods, is still a favorite of almost everyone. If your refrigerator held nothing but a dozen fresh eggs, you would have a fine start for a pleasing variety of dishes. These recipes from around the world help to keep the egg a food that need never be monotonous.

EGG APPETIZER (Colombia)

- 6 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 2 avocados, chopped
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon chili pepper, ground
- 1 onion, chopped
- 3 tablespoons parsley, chopped
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt

Combine ingredients, and mix until smooth and well-blended. Chill. Serve as hors d'oeuvres on lettuce, melba rounds, or toast. *Serves 6.*

EGG CURRY (Ceylon)

- 1 cup dried lentils
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 sliced onions
- 1 tablespoon curry powder
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 6 hard-boiled eggs, sliced

Wash lentils; soak them overnight in cold water. Drain well. Melt butter in saucepan; add onions and curry powder; sauté for 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add water and

lentils. Cover and cook for 45 minutes over low heat. Add salt and sliced eggs. Mix gently and cook for 5 minutes. Serve immediately. *Serves 6.*

EGG FOO YUNG (China)

1 cup cooked mushrooms
2 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced onion
1 tablespoon soy sauce
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups bean sprouts, drained
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
6 eggs, beaten
1 cup shredded cooked lobster
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup peeled diced water chestnuts

Slice mushrooms thin. Sauté 5 minutes in butter; combine with remaining ingredients and blend. This recipe calls for Chinese or Japanese soy sauce. American brands are concentrated and very salty; therefore, use only a few drops of them, tasting frequently to judge the amount. Heat small amount of oil in shallow pan. Drop mixture by spoonfuls into hot oil. Brown on one side, then turn to complete browning. Serve hot with Chinese sauce (below). *Yields 6 servings.*

SAUCE FOR EGG FOO YUNG (China)

In a cup, combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cornstarch with 2 tablespoons cold water. Stir into one cup of boiling meat stock. Stirring constantly, cook 5 minutes. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon soy sauce.

EGGS WITH CORN (Puerto Rico)

3 tablespoons butter
2 sliced onions
2 chopped green peppers
1 cup chopped tomatoes
2 teaspoons salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chili powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
1 cup drained corn kernels
2 tablespoons olive oil
6 eggs

Melt butter in saucepan; add onions and green peppers. Sauté for 10 minutes over low heat, stirring frequently. Add tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of chili powder and pepper. Cover saucepan; cook for 2 minutes. Pour mixture into baking dish and spread evenly. Add corn kernels on top of mixture; then sprinkle with oil. Break eggs on top of corn. Do this carefully so that egg yolks remain whole. Sprinkle mixture with remaining salt, chili powder, pepper. Bake for 10 minutes in 375° oven. *Gives 6 generous portions.*

EGG PUDDING (Portugal)

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound sugar
Water
8 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce butter

Pour sugar into pan with small amount of water. Bring to a boil. Mixture is ready when it sticks to spoon. Beat eggs with butter. When sugar mixture has cooled, slowly add eggs, beating constantly. Pour into buttered pie dish; bake in moderate oven until firm. *Serves 6.*

Letters *of the month*

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

Increase

I was particularly interested in the article about the family who send one dollar a month for each of their children. We, too, have been doing this for several years. Our sixth is due in about two weeks, so our contribution then will be six dollars a month. We feel that the prayers of the missionaries are responsible in large part for our happy life, our good fortune, and our healthy, beautiful children.

NAME WITHHELD

Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Maya Land

Especially interested by your activities with the Mayas, since I have visited some Mayan areas in Mexico and have made some studies in Mayan archaeology. One sees that these people have retained only the most rudimentary fragments of the Catholic Faith imparted to them by the Spanish Padres, and have imposed those fragments (now nearly completely devoid of their true meaning) upon the ancient Mayan religion. In one recent article, the *costumbre* rites and beliefs were described, and it was mentioned that each day had a patron god or spirit associated with it and there were thirteen such gods. This stems directly from the ancient Oxlahuntiku, or "gods of the upper world," who were associated with the ancient Mayan calendar.

RICHARD M. JALI

Los Angeles, Calif.

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Stimulating

I call you "the merry Maryknollers" because of the joy your articles hold even when telling of hardships. I feel both amused and touched by the narrations but not depressed; they stimulate our co-operating with your missionary works.

CARMEN GALBAN CARLO

Havana, Cuba

Depressing

I never read your little book as it is most depressing, and I need an uplift, not a depressive. Friends that also receive it have stated the same thing to me; they dispose of it. Please give my little book to some home where it will be read and enjoyed.

NAME WITHHELD

Los Angeles, Calif.

Tranquilizing

I am a mother of six young "gentlemen," ages seven years to five months. Lately we have had a rash of accidents (minor, thank God!). It is really unnerving when I go up to the big and busy Abington Memorial Hospital accident ward and have nurses (total strangers) greet me with a nice, sweet, "Hello again, Mrs. Stanton." Next time I am going to wear a moustache!

But, dear Fathers, somehow or other, every time one of these terrible emergencies happens, and I come home from the "out-patient" feeling as if I had jumped

MARYKNOLL

in my automatic washer and someone pushed the "Spin-dry" button, that is the day your magazine arrives, or else I come across an issue I hadn't read before. Has anyone ever compared your little organ to tranquilizer pills? I know very little about the latter, except I know ten minutes with MARYKNOLL must surely produce the same effect to one in a state of near-hysteria. Not that it is dull or sleep producing — please! no! But rather it calms me down, as I get a look at the big, big world around me; it shows me a glimpse of lives that are almost pathetic, and always jogs me out of my "I'm so sorry for myself" blues. I usually close the final page with renewed confidence and courage.

Say, you're even better than tranquilizers. I do not know if they do all that. I think you go on, where they leave off at — Calm!

HARRIET G. STANTON
Jenkintown, Pa.

Inspiring

I find your magazine very helpful in teaching my children their religion, and telling them how fortunate we all are to be able to enjoy the sacraments so often and conveniently. It wasn't until I started explaining some of the pictures and stories to them that I discovered my children thought *everyone* was a Catholic and had the same opportunities for religious training and for receiving the sacraments and hearing Mass.

MRS. PATRICIA DEBOLT
Maspeth, N. Y.

The Winner

Enclosed you will find a check for thirty-five dollars. We play penny-ante poker, and a penny is taken from every pot. It is for your food fund.

MRS. JULIA CONWAY
Malden, Mass.

MARCH, 1959

One Good Turn

I earned this money by feeding our neighbors' cat while they were on vacation. Will you please send it to the missions? I'm nine years old now and in the fourth grade. I'm still praying to be a Maryknoll Missionary Nun. I would appreciate your prayers. God bless you.

KITTY SPALDING

San Antonio, Texas

Gratitude

This check is for a First Communion veil and dress for a girl in Hong Kong. I am making this offering in the name of my daughter, who is just two and a half years old. But for the grace of God, it could be my daughter in need of proper clothes to make her First Holy Communion.

MRS. STEPHEN VOLMAN
Clifton, N. J.

Broader View

I have been working at a bank for over a year and must say that I have been earning a pretty good salary even though I started as only a typist. During that year I have been buying a lot of clothes, going to movies, and eating in restaurants. I was selfish. I thought only of myself. Now I realize I shouldn't have done this without first thinking of the poor who have nothing.

NAME WITHHELD

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Project

You really should consider printing a cookbook of the recipes from MARYKNOLL magazine. There is a great market for foreign cookbooks. It wouldn't have to be expensive. I like my cookbooks best that have plastic-ring binding.

MARY A. HOGAN

Philadelphia, Pa.



I Like!

I like the way Miaoli people bow to each other on the street or when leaving a home. It is so much more expressive than "Hello" or "Good-by."

. . . the joy of life manifested by a youngster hop-skipping down the street on a summer morn, shouting to no one in particular but to everyone: "Good morning, good morning, good morning."

. . . the way a young mother rides a bike in a crowded street on a rainy day with one hand steering, the other holding an umbrella, and — with a baby strapped to her back and another on the carrier! Grace and balance personified. A foreigner, built like a stevedore, needs two hands, two eyes and a skipping heart just to weave through the crowd.

. . . the "Easter Parade" on Chinese New Year's Day when all the inhabitants of the town dress in their newest finery and stroll family by family down the avenue, a milky-way of smiles with bows dropping like falling stars.

. . . the quick warm smile that comes to a rickshaw coolie's face, even though his feet are purple with cold, when an extra few cents are added to his regular fare.

. . . the way sudden anger evaporates like rain on a parched street when one who has catapulted into another quickly cries out, "I have lost politeness."

. . . the way pagans refer to Christmas as "our Holy Birthday Feast."

I like a people who know more about the art of human relations than any book has ever taught since the Bible.

I like. I like very much.

Henry J. Madigan, M.M.



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THIS MONTH'S COVER

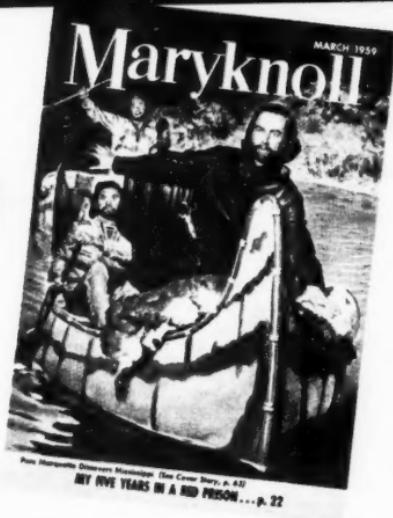
Father Marquette Discovers the Mississippi

IN appearance, Father Jacques Marquette was not the hardy, robust type of man usually pictured as an explorer. But he had the ability to speak six Indian languages, and the courage to go anywhere to convert Indian tribes.

While working among the Ottawa tribe, in the region of Lake Superior, the French-born priest heard many stories about Illinois Indians who dwelt along the mysterious "Father of Waters." No white man had seen that river since Hernando de Soto a century earlier. Father Marquette began to pray that he might become the apostle of the Illinois.

Lake Superior then was considered the Far West, and the Mississippi was thought to empty into the Pacific. To find out, the Governor of Canada commissioned Louis Joliet, a fur trader, and Father Marquette, to discover the northern route of the river and explore it.

The two men started out in May of 1673. From Lake Michigan, they paddled their light canoes down the



Wisconsin. In June they entered a vast expanse of wind-blown waters, the Mississippi. It is this dramatic moment that Joseph Watson Little has recreated on this month's cover. The expedition continued on until it proved that the great river discharges into the Gulf of Mexico.

On the return trip, Father Marquette became seriously ill. After he regained his strength the following year, he was assigned to the upper Illinois region. While he was en route, the river froze. He had to endure a severe winter in the forest.

In the spring, the weakened Father Marquette pushed on to an Illinois village. In a field, he said Mass for the Indians and spoke to them of the Faith. On May 8, 1675, at the age of 38, he died in the wilderness.

Once the Illinois were converted, they never fell back into paganism. Nor did they ever forget Father Marquette. As their chief, Chikagou, said of him, "We are Indians of the one who prayed."

Want Ads

Three Meals a Day of sugar cane and coconuts won't keep poor children of the Philippines in good health. Maryknollers supplement the children's diet with other foods as money permits. What will you give?

Do It Yourself! When the Maryknoll mission launch breaks down on the tributaries of the Amazon in Bolivia, either the missionaries fix it or it doesn't get fixed. They need about \$100 worth of tools and parts. Let's not give up the ship.

Put Our Lord's statue in Taipei, Formosa, for \$25. Remind the people of God.



We Confess that our roof-of-the-world mission in Peru has no confessional. That troubles priests and parishioners; \$100 would provide them for the two chapels. Will someone help?

Boom, Boom, Boom or Bust! Drums for a mission-school band in Chile — also fifes, horns, uniforms. All the other schools have them. The children are working to earn them, but prices are high and pesos hard to get; \$1, \$5 or more will be a wonderful help!

A Dispensary for our mission school in Bolivia can be built for only \$500 to serve both the children and the poor people of the area. Before it is built, however, \$50 is needed today for medicine for tuberculosis patients and \$50 for medicine for the school children. This dispensary could be a memorial for one you love.

Miracle or Mimeographs? Somehow our missionaries in Korea must get more catechisms. Lacking the power of miracles, we hope for a locally made machine to duplicate the books page by page. Such a machine costs only \$30. May we buy one?

Aborigines from the mountains in Formosa are coming into the Church in crowds. At least one chapel must be built immediately and eventually four others must go up, at a cost of \$1,000 each. A fitting memorial for one you love.

Why Not Carry the Horse? Oriental ponies are cheaper than foreign-bred horses in Korea, but a big Maryknoller admits his feet drag when he rides one. His long legs need a bigger animal; \$133 will raise him. Will you help raise the monev?

Shouting From the Housetops is not enough. A missioner in Central America needs a loudspeaking system to reach his people with the truths of our holy Faith; \$500 will install it and any gift toward it is welcome.

Just Sew-Sew! Hong Kong refugees can become self-supporting when supplied with sewing machines, which cost \$60 locally. Who will pay \$60 to save a life?

Wings of Song. Hymns are easier to sing from choir books. Thirty hymnals are needed in Peru, at \$1 each.

Stations of the Cross are needed for a church in Africa. Your gift of \$2, \$12, will help raise the \$90 required to purchase a set.

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You Can Keep What You Give Away!

Invest in a Maryknoll Annuity! It will bring an income for your old age as long as you live; and when you no longer require the money, it will be used to spread our Lord's Kingdom among those who wait to learn of Him!

You can take your ease, knowing that the world will be better because of the converts your funds will help to win! Let us explain this double-benefit plan.

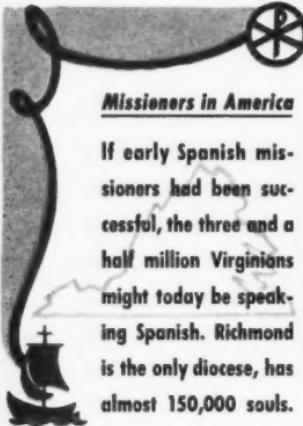
Send for FREE Annuity Booklet, HOW TO KEEP WHILE GIVING.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

**MARYKNOLL
NEW YORK**

Missioners Came First!

VIRGINIA



1. Three Spanish Dominicans attempted to colonize as early as 1526, but soon had to withdraw.



2. In 1571, eight Jesuits who came to colonize were cruelly martyred near the Rappahannock River.



3. After the English founded a colony at Jamestown, they passed penal laws against Catholics.



4. In 1791, Lafayette's chaplain offered Mass in Virginia's famed and revered House of Delegates.



5. With penal laws repealed, the first Catholic parish was founded in 1796 in the city of Alexandria.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

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